

# Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

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## I Love the Ladies—Every One.

I love the ladies every one—  
The laughing ripe brunette,  
Those dark-eyed daughters of the sun,  
With tresses black as jet.  
What raptures in their glances glow!  
Rich tints their cheeks disclose,  
And in the little dimples there,  
Young smiling Loves repose.  
I love the ladies, every one—  
The blonds so soft and fair,  
With looks so mild and languishing,  
And bright as golden hair.  
How lovely are their sylph-like forms,  
Their alabaster hue,  
And their blushes far more beautiful  
Than rose-buds bathed in dew.  
I love the ladies, every one—  
E'en those whose graceless forms  
Are rugged as the oak that's borne  
A hundred winter's storms,  
The young, the old, the stout, the thin,  
The short as well as tall,  
Widows and wives, matrons and maids,  
Oh! yes I love them all.  
I love the ladies, every one—  
None but a wretch would flout 'em;  
This world would be a lonely place  
If we were left without 'em.  
But lighted by a Woman's smile,  
A way all gloom is driven,  
And the most humble home appears  
Almost a little heaven.  
I love the ladies, every one—  
They're angels all, God bless 'em!  
And what can greater pleasure give  
Than to comfort and caress 'em!  
I call myself a temperance man,  
So I'll drink their health in water—  
Here's to the mothers, one and all,  
And every mother's daughter!

## BAD HUSBANDS.

A lady sends us a letter describing the unkindness of two men to their wives, and asking our advice in the matter. We give the following extract:  
"But enough, he is killing her; and married but five months. Do not cast this away and say these are monsters, and not men. You would change your opinion if you heard their names; for my part, I think them a fair sample of the whole.—One of these bears had to call in a physician, who told him her disease was not in his line to cure, as it was a disease of the mind. I have ascertained since, that he is not quite as tyrannical as formerly; but she is in the decline.  
"Dear Mrs. S. your Judge Watson was a very good man; I think I do not know any better, and Susan did not grieve twenty years as another acquaintance of mine has, who, thanks to a good constitution, is not in a decline, and don't intend to be. It is a long time since the fervor of her love was gone, and she has found it necessary to her peace of mind, to harden her heart against any return of the affections, or rather against the going out of the affections, knowing by sad experience they would be dashed ruthlessly back. Do not try to make me think you know nothing of this; every man is a tyrant one way or another, and I am always glad to see an old bachelor, thinking there is one less to be tormented.  
"Our readers must not think we have our finger in a family jar! We do not know who the parties are, and speak of the subject because we often get such letters. It may be possible we can give some advice that may be useful to some one. In the first place, we hope the writer will excuse us for saying frankly, You are a bigot, madam, for holding such an opinion as you express of all men in the aggregate. It wants every vestige of proof or probability. All men are mortal, and all liable to err; but in the whole circle of our acquaintance, we know of but two entitled to the name of tyrant, and we consider them both insane. Our constant wonder is, that with our present marriage laws we have so few bad husbands—so few who are disposed to exercise the full extent of the power conferred upon them by the marriage covenant.—There are quite as many wives, who, by cunning, subterfuge and deceit, tyrannize over their husbands, who, by superior power, enslave their wives. This we look upon as the natural consequences of the doctrine of woman's inferiority and duty of subjection.  
Lying is the vice of slaves, and is taught to women as the highest virtue. In the first place, an "accomplished education" is a little more than the art of appearing what she is not, to get a husband.

Then comes the long life of managing him, by those little arts of cajolery, which the Dana school poetizes with such phrases as, "the strength of weakness," "the sceptre of love." Our literature is teeming with particular directions about the *modus operandi*. If Mrs. Brown wants a new carpet, she does not ask Mr. Brown directly and explicitly about the state of their finances, and the propriety of the purchase; but she contrives to call with him at the Jones', where a superb one has just been put down. She must talk about Jones's carpet, cast side long looks at their own faded one, sigh, look sad, speak with a melancholy cadence, and always address Mr. Brown as "my dear." Particular attention must be paid to his dinner—his coffee must be in fine order, and his slippers just at hand; but still a soft melancholy must reign on a placid face of his injured wife as she walks mournfully over the old carpet. All this time nothing must be said; but Brown must feel that the sunshine of happiness can never beam upon the face of Mrs. Brown, until it reflects from a brand new carpet. When the carpet comes, the lady has managed her card,—it is that much of a gain to her, no matter if it should be a heavy loss to him. Their interests are not one. The business of the firm is not a joint stock; out door matters are his business,—in door interest are hers.  
Upon this principle a majority of married lives are based; and the phrases it assumes are almost infinite. The more tyrannical and domineering a husband is, the more cunning and deceitful a wife must become to manage him, unless she yield and sink into an abject slavery as some few do. But to the case in point. The sorrows of a wife of five months are not to be approached lightly. We have heard much about "honey-moon," but have an idea the honey is all in the moon—that the imaginary happiness is all moonshine. Observation leads us to think the first year of married life is more generally unhappy than any after period—that there is in fact more intense wretchedness crowded into that space, than she was ever before, or is ever after capable of enduring in a life-time. Our advice would be to all—"Suffer and be strong," watch and wait until you have grown accustomed to your new position. You are in a transition state; and should take no very positive step, because you will seldom act wisely. Above all things never make a confidant like this writer, who will aid you to see your wrongs, or whose opinions of men will lead her to take it for granted your husband is wholly in fault. When you are unhappy, try to think the fault your own, for very likely it is so, either in whole or in part, and it is natural for love to take blame rather than lay it on the beloved object, just as it is natural for love to wish to suffer for another. Then never utter, never act a lie. Never put any show of seeming—never use any art of duplicity or cajolery, or wheedling for any purpose, or with any one. Do not understand by this that any "art of affection," is wrong—that cooing and endearments are degrading. It is right to kiss a father, or husband, or brother, in return for any favor or,—no, not as remuneration, but just to coax one to do as you wish, only let the object be fairly understood.—Deal candidly,—speak truth in all sincerity. With a husband this candor should be commenced before marriage, and it should be on both sides.—We believe that much more suitable selections would be made in the choice of partners were the parties to reside in the same family circle for a time, during which both should be engaged in their usual avocations. Each should make it a point of honor to make the other acquainted with his or her faults or foibles. Then courtship would not be a dream, and marriage the awakening. As it is, most marriages are commenced in deceit on both sides, and consummated like any other piece of acting in a stage scene, where the bridal costume is the chief attraction. The happy couple find out in a week, that each has been most egregiously mistaken in the other, and if they are prudent, they live in a "suspension of hostilities" for life.  
Most of our unhappy marriages are of this class and what to do with them, how to mend matters, is the question! But better late than never.—Commence a system of truth and candor—of fair dealing, and never, for any emergency, depart from it. This is applicable to both; but more especially to wives—and do not surfeit your husbands with caresses. Do not teach to think him all you reserve, modesty and delicacy of girlhood were mere traps. Courtship is represented as a heaven of enjoyment; be sure you prolong his until the last day of his life, if you live so long.  
It is no uncommon thing for newly married people to do like children, get sick on sweetmeats; and then after the fair wife, for want of something else to do, has twined her arms around "dear Charles" neck, until it is weariness to both; she placed herself upon his knee and kisses his "beautiful eyes" by way of variety. There is no time of a woman's life when the want of some regular pursuit is so much felt as just after marriage. It is generally the time she has least to do, and it is the very time when a pursuit of absorbing interest would save her from a world of mistakes and misery. The husband has a great deal to think about. Now, that he has a wife to provide for, his business becomes doubly interesting. If she was doing anything before this, she is sure to quit it—she goes to board, or if she keeps house, her furniture is new, her family is small. She has clothing enough made up for a year. No sewing, no visits to mantuamakers—nothing to think about but her Charles, and nothing to do but caress him—"love for him." Well, the Great Creator, when he made woman, did not make her for this purpose—did not make her for this alone—did not make her for an appendage to man—"a creature to love and be loved," and nothing else. He gave her all the faculties of mind and body that belong to a distinct and separate existence. All the faculties, save the one of loving, are lying dormant—that one, from over culture, becomes a kind of overgrown mushroom. The course of nature is perverted, and misery is the result. No doubt there is a great variety of causes, but a large amount of all the unhappiness of early married life, could be ameliorated if not cured, by "something to do," and by as much dignity and reserve as would prevent the *diety—the angel*—the ruling destiny of my fate" of yesterday, from being converted into the tame kitten of today. But now we have commenced, we must make this the subject of another article.—Mrs. Swisshelm.

The New York Herald contains the following abstract from a paper read by professor Olmstead at the Scientific convention, which will be found to contain matter of much interest.

Professor Olmstead, on some peculiar properties of a compound of lard and rosin, said:  
"I do not know that notice has been taken by chemical writers of certain peculiar properties possessed by a compound formed of Hog's lard and the common rosin of the shops. An accident first led me to observe something remarkable in this compound, and I have since made a few experiments, with a view of further investigating the relation between these two substances. Wishing to fit the brass plate of an old air-pump, so as to make a close joint with the receiver, I had been accustomed to apply to the plate a disc of leather, saturated with lard. With the hope of rendering it more impenetrable to the air, I added to the lard a small quantity of rosin, and melted them together. I expected the rosin, would give greater hardness to the lard, and make it fill the pores more effectually, but was surprised to find that the change produced by the rosin was to impart to the lard a tendency to remain in the fluid state, so that, in a winter's day, the compound, when cold, remain in the state of semi-fluid, at the temperature of a room moderately heated. I found also that this preparation, when applied to the leather of the air pump, rendered it peculiarly soft, and, at the same time, very impermeable to air, so as to form a good joint with the receiver. But what more particularly arrested my attention was this, that, having inadvertently left the leather on the plate of the pump for nearly a year, during which time the use of the apparatus was discontinued, I should suppose, when I took it out again, that I should find the brass plate much corroded, as I had sometimes seen it before, when exposed for a much less time to the action of the oiled disc of leather; but on the contrary, the brass was entirely free from corrosion, and I have uniformly found the same to be the case since, however long the leather may have remained in contact with the plate. This observation suggested another and more important use of the same preparation for lubricating the pistons, which being likewise of brass, and moving in brass barrels, had before gave me much inconvenience, by their liability to corrode by the action of the oil used for lubricating on brass. Moreover, the tendency of the preparation to assume the fluid state by friction of the piston, made a very convenient and effectual application for this purpose. I had recently made a few experiments, with the view of ascertaining the melting point of this compound, and the proportions of the ingredient which give the lowest melting point. The best proportions are by weight—lard three parts, rosin one part. If the rosin be added in fine powder and the mixture well stirred, (with application of heat,) it softens, and so nearly approaches a fluid as to run freely when taken up on the stirring-rod, at a temperature of 72 degrees. On melting the mixture and setting it aside to cool, the following changes take place: At 90 degrees it remains transparent and limpid; at 87 degrees after it begins to grow slightly viscid, and as the temperature descends it passes through different degrees of viscosity like oils of different qualities, until, at 70 degrees, it becomes a dense semi-fluid. It is an unexpected result, that the addition of one part in four of rosin, whose melting point is near 300 degrees, to lard whose melting point is at 97 should render it more fluid, reducing the melting point to 90 degrees imparting to it the properties of a semi-fluid, at a temperature as low as 76 degrees, and even rendering the preparation of a softer consistency than lard itself, at a temperature as low as 60 degrees. This compound of lard and rosin, therefore, two somewhat remarkable properties:  
1. It prevails in the lard, and probably in all the animal oil and fats, their tendency to generate an acid, and thus undergo spontaneous decomposition. A much smaller proportion of rosin than one-fourth gives to the lard this property, destroying as it does the tendency of these substances to oxidation. Several important practical applications result from this property. Its use for lubricating surfaces of brass or copper has already been adverted to. It is equally applicable to sheet iron. I have found a very thin coating applied with a brush, sufficient, to preserve Russia iron stoves and grates from rusting during summer, even in damp situations. I usually add to it a portion of black lead, and this preparation, when applied with a brush, in the thinnest possible film, will be found a complete protection to sheet iron stoves and pipes.  
2. The same property renders the compound of lard and rosin a valuable ingredient in the composition of shaving soap. The quality of shaving soap is greatly improved by a larger portion of oil than is usually employed, so as completely to saturate the alkali; but such soap becomes rancid when wet with water, and suffered to remain damp, as commonly, as when in use. If a certain proportion of this compound is added to the common Windsor soap, (say one-half its weight,) the tendency to grow rancid is prevented. A very soft and agreeable shaving compound, or 'cream,' may be made by steaming in a close cup, a cake of any common shaving soap, so as to reduce it to a soft consistency, and then mixing intimately with it half its weight of our rosinous preparation, adding a few drops of some odoriferous substance. The same compound forms an excellent water-proof paste for leather. Boots when treated with it, will soon after take the usual polish when blacked, and the soles may be saturated with it without danger of soiling the floor, as it does not rub off, while the leather is rendered, in a high degree, impervious to water.  
The perfect solution into which the rosin passes when heated with oil, suggested the possibility of improving, in this way, the quality of oil used in illumination, and by its reducing the melting point of lard, to render that more suitable for burning in solar lamps. I, therefore, added powdered rosin to lard oil, in the proportion of 8 ounces of rosin to one gallon of oil, and applied a moderate heat sufficient to produce perfect solution. I then filled two solar lamps, equal in all respects, the one with lard oil, the other two with the same, holding the rosin in solution and regulating the lamp so as to be nearly of the same size as possible. I measured by the method of shadows, the comparative intensities of light, which I found to be as 7 to 5 in favor of the prepared oil. This burned with a flame of peculiar richness, plainly exceeding in density that from the simple oil; but after two hours the flame of the prepared oil began to decline slowly, and soon became inferior to the other, an effect, which doubtless arose from the clogging of the wick. I had hoped, on account of the perfect solution which the rosin seemed to undergo, that the compound would burn freely without encountering this impediment; but in this respect I was disappointed, and can only say that if some means can be devised for avoiding the tendency to clog the wick, the addition of a small portion of rosin to lamp oil or lard will add essentially to its value for burning in solar lamps, by rendering less liable to congeal, and by increasing its illuminating power."

## New Orleans Thirty Years Ago.

### DEATH AND THE HOTEL KEEPERS.

A worthy and eloquent writer, who enacts the part of New Orleans correspondent for the Concordia Intelligencer, a new paper published in the interior of the State of Louisiana, quotes an article from a Boston gazette, relative to a man who once nearly escaped premature burial in New York, during the prevalence of the yellow fever, and adds the following story by the way of illustration:  
The foregoing reminds me of an incident that transpired a few weeks ago. Having dined at the Planter's, a first rate family hotel, kept by Murry, formerly of the Natchez Mansion House, and repaired to the balcony, overlooking Canal street, to enjoy the sea breeze, I fell into conversation with a gentleman registered on the books as Major H——, late of the British army. Like all others of his class, he had seen much of the world, and was courteous and communicative. He had served in India, in the Peninsula, in Belgium, in the wars with this country, and subsequently, was an aid-de-camp to Bolivar.  
"More than thirty years ago," said he, "I was at this hotel, then known as Beale's. It was in September, and the yellow fever was prevailing, but as I had long been quartered in the tropics I felt no apprehensions. My vis a vis at dinner was Mr. Cameron, a young Scotchman in the prime of life, commercial agent of a Glasgow house. For three days we dined and spent our evenings together. On the fourth, he did not appear. While sipping my sherry after dinner, I sent for the landlord, and inquired for Mr. Cameron."  
"Major," said he, "your friend will never dine with you again, but whenever you like I will conduct you to him."  
Struck with these words which had uttered with a polite nonchalance, had something ominous in them, I rose from the table and in silence followed Mr. Beale. He threw open a small parlor, and there lay my young friend, with whom I had parted at two o'clock the preceding evening, dead! Sir, I have had my comrade cut down by a cuirassier at my elbow; I have seen whole battalions swept away by artillery; I have seen a storming party torn into fragments by the explosion of a mine; I have seen brave men sink at sea, and hundreds perish in hospitals by the wasting ravages of wounds and disease; but never have I been so shocked and appalled, as by the livid corpse of that young Scotchman! He had been seized with fever immediately after leaving my room, and expired at daylight; and so little impression had it made, and so much was such a death within the every day line of incidents, it had not disturbed the business of the house, nor had the landlord, who knew our intimacy, nor the waiter, who attended us at table, and served us with champagne the evening previous, thought it of sufficient importance to me. In those days, in New Orleans, resident gentlemen never appeared at breakfast. They took their coffee with a *cher amie*, some beautiful quadroon; but if they were absent at dinner, you might, without further inquiry, apply for letters of administration, on their estates! My poor friend was already in his coffin, and even in my grief I could not help noticing its elaborate finish, solid mahogany, trimmed with velvet, with a silver plate, his name and escutcheon beautifully engraved. I expressed my surprise that these could be procured when the subject had only been dead a few hours."  
"Major," said Mr. Beale, "that is easily explained. We have an undertaker attached to this house. Cameron's coffin has been ready twelve months."  
"What sir, had he a presentiment of death?"  
"No, major, not at all. But in this city the march of disease is rapid; our fevers kill in a few hours; mortification immediately ensues, and it is the rule of my house, from July to October, to measure every man for his coffin the moment he registers his name. The chances are ten to one he will be dead in a fortnight."  
"As I looked incredulous at this statement, Mr. Beale continued; 'I perceive you do not credit this, major, but follow me, if you please, and you shall be convinced.'"  
He led the way to the attic of the house, and there, ranged around in grim array, stood sixty coffins of different finish and dimensions, one for each boarder, with my own conspicuous among them, my name and coat of arms blazoned upon it?  
"Major," said the landlord, "your measure was taken the moment of your arrival. You announced your intention to stay three months, and while registering your name, my undertaker, who watches the arrivals, and is very adroit, applied his tape to you. I hope, sir, you are pleased. Inspect the heraldry. It is all right. We consult the best authorities on the British peerage."  
"I was too much shocked to reply immediately retreated to my room, packed up my baggage, and rang for my bill, determined not to sleep another night in a city where coffins were made and probably graves dug, before hand. My bill was as follows Major H——, to Beale's Hotel, Dr.—Four days board at \$3, \$12 00; Lights, \$1 50; Cigars \$1 00; Paper 25 cents; Wine, \$20 00; Coffin, \$150 00; E. E., \$180 75.  
"I descended to the bar in no amiable mood; threw down thirty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, but refused to pay for the coffin. I had never ordered such a thing; on the contrary, it is a liberty I should not excuse. Very well Major," said Mr. Beale, with a low bow and one of his blandest smiles, "just as you please; it makes no difference. The coffin was made in pursuance of a rule of my house. Had you remained a week, you would, most probably, have needed it, and as we bury strangers before they are quite dead, had this coffin not been made, your aristocratic body would have been sent to the trench in a pine box! Do not pay, Major. It is quite unnecessary. But your coat of arms, the escutcheon of the noble house of H——, is on the coffin, and the first pauper that dies shall be buried in it."  
"This was too much for my ancestral pride. I threw down the sovereigns, made a bonfire of the coffin, and the same evening hired a barge to carry me from a city where such dreddful customs prevailed. Imperative business, continued Major, brought me to New Orleans, a few days ago. By a singular sort of fascination, I was drawn to the same Hotel from which I fled thirty years ago; and by strange coincidence, my stay is of the same duration. (I leave this evening) and my bill is about the same."  
"How Major," I exclaimed has Murry charged you for a coffin?"  
"No, sir, not exactly that—it occurred in this way. While registering my name, I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, as I felt it thirty years before. Indignant that the same trick should be played on me a second time, I wheeled, and at one blow knocked the man down, and placed my foot upon his breast.—The mistake was promptly explained. It was an attendant of the hotel in the act of brushing the dust off my coat. I felt much chagrined, and the least I could do was to ask the poor fellow's pardon, and insist on his accepting the same amount that I had paid for my coffin on a former occasion.  
"Saying this the servant shook my hand and departed. Curiosity led me to visit the attic, but the rule of the house has been changed, and instead of coffins I found long rows of Sherry, Maderia, Port, Cognac, Holland, Old Jamaica and Irish Whiskey, in bottles and Demijohns covered with cobwebs, like old monks in the dark gowns, which Murry here holds for his guests.  
The Mormon and the German.  
The following incident, which is said to have occurred in Louisiana, was related to the writer by an old Methodist Itinerant who had travelled in that country at a very early day:  
A Mormon elder, one of Joe Smith's thorough bred disciples, engaged in his peregrinations over the southern portion of our country, found himself in a neighborhood, where the people, drawn out by anything that carried novelty upon its face, were willing to go out and listen to him every day for a week. Among them was an elderly, venerable German, whose eyes flashed keenly from the walls of chaffy cheeks and heavy brows, bespeaking that no sluggard mind slept there only half awake. He was the leader of the Methodist class in the neighborhood. Every time the Mormon would hold forth his enlightened speculations, like many others in divinity, he would, in the most pompous manner possible, call for any questions that any might ask—any objections to anything he advanced—and as a further trick upon his auditors, would challenge any one, he cared not who, to controvert any position he had assumed, knowing very well that there was no person anywhere about him who would with any likelihood at all, think of accepting it; and after he had finished his lecture, reiterating his call, he would add, that if there was any passage in Scripture at all, which his hearers did not understand in his theory, he would gladly explain it to them.  
After he had been there about a week, the old German became heartily tired of him, and concluded to try his hand upon him; so in the morning, after the people had assembled, and before the Mormon had begun his lecture, he rose and addressed the Mormon thus:  
"If I dush understand you, you dush vant any of us to ask you any questions 'bout vat you see."  
"Yes certainly; any questions you wish to propound, I will answer with great pleasure."  
"Vell, if I understands you right you see you dush believe in languages and the interpretation of languages."  
"Yes, certainly."  
"Also in dreams, and de interpretation of dreams."  
"Just so; so far you understand me perfectly sir."  
"Vell, den, I had a dream last night; vill you be so kind as to interpret it for me an' my neighbors, if I vill tell it to you?"  
"Certainly, sir; I will give you the exact interpretation; and I am sure I will be enabled to convince you all fully."  
"Vell, my neighbors," said the German, turning round and facing the congregation—"you must all listen good to de dream, and see if he dush give a good interpretation."  
"Vell, I dream last night dat I vash very sick; and at last I vash so sick dat I diot.—An ven I diot, I goes away off, very far; an ven I did go a great ways, I come to de gate of heaven, an ven I got dare, I did knock; den Cabril, from de inside, ses, 'Who comes dare?' I told him 'Vat dush you vant?' I told him I vants to come in. 'You ish not gute enough.' 'Vell den, vot must I do if I cannot come in here?' 'You see away off youter ish to gate of hell. You go dere and knock; and dey must let you in dere.' So I goes away off, till I come to de gate of hell and ven I gets dere, I dush knock at de gate. 'Who comes dere?' ses one inside. I told him. 'Vat does you vant?' 'I vants to come in.' 'Vell den, I vill see vat Peelizebub ses about it.' So he goes away off into hell, to see Peelizebub. After avile he comes back, and I ses. 'Vat did Peelizebub say? Peelizebub ses you cannot come in.' 'Vat for! (being quite excited in his tone of voice at the thoughts of being so pertinaciously denied an entrance,) 'vat for I cannot come in?' 'Peelizebub ses he expects Choe Smith an all his company in a few days, an ve vill be crowded out!  
The uproarious laughter which followed can better be imagined than described. Suffice it to say, the Mormon mysteriously disappeared, some said through the back window, before silence was restored, and has never been heard of since.